

THE CRITTENDEN PRESS

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

MARION, KENTUCKY.

YOUNGSTER CRAWLS IN MY BED

There's a half-smothered yawn from the cot where he lies.
Supposed to be soundly asleep.
His chubby brown fists rub the "sand" from his eyes.
And the covers fly off in a heap.
His bare little feet strike the floor with a whack.
They race like a young thoroughbred.
They slide like two fishes over my back.
As the youngster crawls into my bed.

"Hey, poppie!" his cheery tones ring in my ear.
While his hand gives my nose a sharp tweak.
"I've come on a visit. I say, do you hear?
Why don't you turn over and speak?"
With a counterfeit snore like a blast from a horn.

I pretend that my eardrums are lead;
But he laughs my most consummate actings to scorn.
When this youngster crawls into my bed.

"Now tell me a story, please, poppie," pleads he.

A gruff, growling protest I make.
I am too badly tongue-tied to say A B C.
And my brain's but a fraction awake.
But growling and snarling don't terrify him.

"You're a bear, are you? Just grunt ahead
And I'll be a billy-goat—br-r-rum-bum-blum!"
He butts me half out of the bed.

He seizes at my pitiful bribe of a dime.
He struggles against my warm breast.
And cooos up his ear for the "Once on a time."

That ushers in all of the rest
Of the Mother Goose tales and the story-book lore.

And the yarns I spin out of my head;
And when I'm pumped dry, it is "Please tell me some more."

When the youngster crawls into my bed.
After stories galore, then a rollicking play
With happiness fills his cup.

"What fierce, hungry cub has crawled in here?" I say.
"Oh, please, tiger, don't eat me up!"
Then he roars and he pamps, with an awful bubblub.

His feet beat tattoo on my head.
His knees my poor ribs like a washing-board rub.
When the youngster crawls into my bed.

But breathless at last, and so quiet he lies,
That his loud thumping heart I can hear.
Until, "One, two, three and the humbly-bum-bum."

Our signal, sounds shrill in his ear.
He's up! For the minute I've said: "Rooster crows!"

The covers from us will have fled
And when I have finished, "Away, then, he goes!"
That youngster will crawl out of bed.

So he grapples me tight 'twixt his arms and his legs.
And he holds me there, dogged and grim.
"Only five minutes more, Pop!" he earnestly begs.

But the shopbell won't tarry for him.
But they make my heart light all the rest of the day.
Those pictures that come in my head.

Of the capers he cut in that rollicking play
When the youngster crawled into my bed.
—Christian Endeavor World.

THE WOOLING OF CELESTE.

BY JOHN H. RAFTERY.

Miss Celeste came to Cold Harbor in the early spring to work out a "little scheme" which seemed in harmony both with her business necessities and her aristocratic instincts. For she was of gentle blood and much nurture, though driven by an insatiable destiny to support her widowed mother and herself by the precarious drudgery of drawing lessons. Her unseasonable advent to the little summer resort was prompted by the idea that she might establish her studio and her fame before the rush of the "resorters" commenced, and so gain for herself and her mother a sojourn by the lake that would be impossible under other conditions.

Mamma, whose head was quite full of romantic, impracticable and unwarranted notions about Celeste's future, treated the young woman as a plebeian tiring maid might serve a princess of the blood. The old lady, chattering everlastingly of "better days," constituted herself a willing but dictatorial servant of all works and spoiled her pretty daughter to the top of her bent. Therefore it is not surprising that Celeste, who was 25, dressed her pretty figure in the style of a debutante, ate her morning muffin and sipped her breakfast chocolate in bed, spent more money for her fancy lingerie than many an heiress and changed her gloves oftener than her ingenious parent could change the dinner bill of fare.

When they came into the boxlike cottage late in March they contrived to convince one another that it was quite "romantic." The surf thundered on the tawny sands only a few hundred yards from their back door and the west wind crooned in their stuffy little attic like the spirit voices of the waters. After putting a notice of her coming in the local paper, hanging out her card and disposing her piano, drawing-boards and pictures about the tiny cottage, Miss Celeste found leisure in some novel reading and opportunity to keep warm by lying abed while mamma petted her and fussed about the kitchen. From revels in the delirious glories of about a dozen impossible love stories Celeste naturally plunged into the more approximate possibilities of the approaching season of gayety and imagined some very pretty romances, in which she herself was the heroine, and some brune demi-god with a pre-

posterous bank account was the sighing hero.

The first warm day found her in this mood sitting on the divan by the window of her boudoir and gazing across the waterscape that soon must become the playground of a swarm of fashionables. Then she noticed that the adjacent cottage was nearer than it had seemed. She was deprecating the drawback to her mother when she saw a tall, athletic, handsome young fellow striding gracefully across the sand to the objectionable house. She drew the curtain across her window, but watched him with brightening eyes as he stepped upon the creaking porch, let himself in and vanished like the impalpable vision of her romantic dreams. Was he, could he be the Prince Charming, come so soon and yet not too soon to lead her from the drowsy cob-webbed castle of her long maidenly sleep? Her heart was pit-patting like the little trip-hammers of a pianola when suddenly from the open window of the cottage—his cottage—there stole a strain of music so deep, so rich, so unutterably plaintive that the tears sprang into her big blue eyes as she cried:

"Mamma, listen! He is playing!" (Accent on the he!)

"Who is he?" rasped mamma, securing a skillet, but coming to the window.

"Why, the young gentleman who lives next door," feigned Celeste; "haven't you seen him?"

Then they listened breathlessly to the melody now swelling with noble defiance, now rollicking with gay abandonment and again shrinking sadly into the tuneful shadows of complaint. It was a cello played by a master hand, vocal with the passions of the adept, responsive to every hope and fantasy of an aspiring and perhaps wounded heart. When the music ceased Celeste sighed, wondering who he might be so to touch her heart with a fleeting glimpse of his distinguished-looking person, so to move her heart with the random expression of some perhaps wanton sentiments.

Then, as if by chance, she wandered to her own piano, and with an easy but abstracted manner played a hesitating little love song from "Rigoletto." But when she had finished and her unconscious challenge was answered by a mournful, pleading echo from the same opera, Celeste gasped prettily and ran to the window, pulling it shut with a very dramatic little shrug of anger. Then she ran into the attic, fixed herself at the eyeline oriel window and watched the cellist's cottage like a pretty bird which has been terrified and fascinated by a prowling and majestic hawk. In an hour he came out, and—how her heart beat!—turned his dark, soulful eyes for a full minute toward her window. He could not see her, and so he walked away, but she watched him with her heart in her eyes, till he disappeared in the garden of the Hotel Florence.

That evening she noticed an old man, bearded, shabby and bent, pottering about the back door of the cellist's cottage, and, interested in everything and everyone with whom her hero came in contact, she wondered who the privileged old dependent might be.

"He can't be a relative," she thought; "he's a vulgar, ill-looking old rascal. Perhaps an old servant of the family, endured by his young master for the sake of old times."

And she was dreaming another day dream when he, handsomer than ever, came across the stretch of sand, and, with just a glance toward her, went into the cottage. She heard his melodious voice call "Boggs! Boggs!" and watched the old servant scurry into the back door. Then after an interval the cello spoke once more, sweeter, bolder, more winsome than ever. And from her piano she answered it in kind, her courage rising as the response came floating prominently back through the open window, her heart afire as she interpreted the impassioned meaning of the old ballad of love and war, the songs, eloquent of laughter and tears, which the unseen player tossed back at her through the deepening night.

After that she tried in her demure, maidenly way to meet him in the village streets, but though she saw him often and once almost came face to face with him at a corner near the post office, he seemed to evade her with an ingenious confusion that enhanced his exalted character in her partial eyes. No doubt he could not trust himself to look freely at her patriotic beauty; he must have recognized the innate nobility of her poise and bearing; aristocrat that he was, he would not presume upon the opportunities even of a lonely summer resort to gain her acquaintance conventionally. At her wits' end for some plausible subterfuge, poor Celeste was at last obliged to confide,

tentatively and cautiously, of course, in her mother. "I'll borrow something from Boggs," cried the old lady, "and then I'll invite them to tea!"

It was a happy thought and bore quick fruit, for that afternoon the widow ran home with a new light in her eyes and said: "It's done, Celeste. I didn't borrow a cup of sugar, they don't cook or eat in the cottage, but live, that is eat, at the Hotel Florence. Oh, they must be rich. The old gentleman, Boggs, is his uncle. The nephew's name is Belford, Porter Belford, and they're coming over this evening."

They came, the old man togged out in a rusty suit of black and the nephew diffident but handsome. If she had not been already in love poor Celeste might have wondered at Belford's awkwardness, the limitations of his commonplace conversation and the evident gaucheries of Uncle Boggs. But she could see no deeper than his splendid beauty, hear nothing but the rich barytone of his rich voice, think of nothing but the wondrous music of her charmed cello. And so at last when they had left the table and the talk was languishing, Celeste turned to her idol and coyly whispered:

"Certainly," he answered, without blushing. "Boggs got the cello."

Boggs not only brought the instrument, but, without so much as an invitation, set down to play it. Celeste could scarcely force a word of praise when the old fellow, smiling loudly of tobacco and alcohol, laid down the instrument and grinned at mamma like some ancient ape. The girl turned quickly to Belford and murmured:

"Now, you'll play, won't you, Mr. Belford?"

"If I may, no. I—"

"For my sake," Celeste was whispering, but mamma broke in with an insistent voice, which made the bashful young man blush like a girl.

"But I can't play," he said, looking helplessly from one to the other. "I never get time to try anything like that. Boggs learned while he was a night watchman. He gets all day to practice. You know he's night watchman up at the Florence."

"And you?" the voice of mamma clicked like a steel trap. The silence of the room was cold and dense, and the aristocratic girl in the corner felt her teeth chatter with an unspeakable horror as Belford's voice, grown suddenly harsh and raucous, said:

"If I'm head waiter at the same hotel."—Chicago Record Herald.

EVEN UNTIL TO-DAY.

How Woman Has Always Evolved a Victory Out of Defeat.

"Eve," growled Adam, "these biscuits are fierce."

"Don't you like them, dear?"

"Like em! Hum! Not half like moth—ahem. They're bum—very bum! I wish you'd buy a cock book!"

"They say a man's soul is in his stomach, and I believe it!"

"Eve," and Adam glared, "you're the most exasperating woman I ever saw. By jing, I wish I had my rib back!"

"There you go—throwing that in my face again! Who asked you for your old rib, anyway? Weren't you just as lonesome as you could be until I came?"

"And I wish I'd been satisfied to let it go at that! Another case of 'When lonesomeness is bliss 'tis folly to get married!'"

"Boo-hoo!"

"Here, now—"

"Boo-hoo-oo!"

"Aw say! Darn it, Eve—"

"Boo-hoo! I w-wish I w-w-was de-e-ead!"

"Gosh! Damn it all, Eve, I was just joking! Don't do that! Honest—the biscuits are the best ever—and I'd eat 'em if they were like cobblestones! I'm a chump and a fool and—"

And a benevolent old boomptagosaurois looked on with a fatherly smile while the reconciliation took place.

"Egobulus!" he ejaculated, "the woman wins with the tears of defeat!"

And she continues to do so even to this day.—San Francisco Bulletin.

A Celebrated Timekeeper.

The world's best timekeeper is said to be the electric clock in the basement of the Berlin observatory, which was installed by Prof. Foerster in 1865. It is included in an air-tight glass cylinder, and has frequently run for periods of two or three months with an average daily deviation of only 15-100th of a second. Yet astronomers are not satisfied even with this, and efforts are continually made to secure ideal conditions for a clock by keeping it not only in an air-tight case, but in an underground vault where neither changes of temperature nor of barometric pressure shall ever affect it.

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

The president has signed the Chinese exclusion bill.

A storm two weeks ago killed over 12,000 head of sheep in Wyoming.

Packers assert that consumption of beef has fallen off one-third since agitation against the trust began.

The Boers are expected to reach a final decision on the subject of peace negotiations some time this month.

The executive committee of the St. Louis world's fair have agreed to postpone the affair till 1904.

No rain of any consequence has fallen in western Kansas since last June, and very little wheat will be raised in that section.

W. H. Moody, of Massachusetts, entered upon the duties of secretary of the navy on the 1st inst., succeeding Mr. Long, resigned.

Chicago street car men have formed a union, and it is claimed any discrimination against the union men will cause a big strike.

Congressman Amos J. Cummings of New York died at Baltimore May 2. The cause of death was pneumonia, incident to an operation.

Morgan is said to have received \$12,000,000 of stock in the shipping combine as compensation for organizing and financing the scheme.

Packers of St. Louis and Kansas City will be called upon to testify before the Missouri supreme court concerning the operations of the beef trust.

Organized efforts are being made in a number of towns throughout the country to induce citizens to refrain from eating meat until prices are reduced.

Elias Leinbach, postmaster at the town of Leichbachs, Pa., since 1853, has resigned. He was the oldest postmaster in point of service in the United States.

In a fight with pitchforks and clubs on Richard Williams' farm in Oklahoma Willard Wilson killed Charles Parker after a prolonged combat. Wilson and Parker are farm hands. After knocking Parker down with the handle of a pitchfork, it is alleged, Wilson plunged the tines into his face.

The Newspaper Publishers' Association, embracing owners of all the leading papers and publishing houses of the country, and the printers' and pressmen's unions have signed a five year agreement to submit all questions of hours of labor and wages to arbitration, no strike to occur pending the settlement of any question between employer and employee.

An accident to an elevator boy in a building in Philadelphia was indirectly responsible for the death of eight girls. The boy was caught in the elevator and when a companion called for help some one cried fire. The hundreds of girls rushed to the windows and down the stairway, stumbling over one another, and when quiet was restored it was found eight of them had been crushed to death.

The oleomargarine bill has passed both branches of congress. The bill as passed provides that oleomargarine which has been colored to look like butter shall be taxed 10 cents a pound; that oleomargarine which has not been colored to look like butter of any shade of yellow shall be taxed one-fourth of one cent per pound; manufacturers of process or renovated butter shall pay a tax of \$50 a year; manufacturers of oleomargarine or adulterated butter shall pay a tax of \$600 per year; wholesale dealers in oleomargarine or adulterated butter shall pay a tax of \$400 per year, and retail dealers \$48 per year; a tax of 10 cents a pound is levied upon adulterated butter and a tax of one-fourth of a cent a pound upon process or renovated butter.

The transport fleet of the war department is to be cut down by the sale of several ships now maintained at heavy cost and not required in the movement of troops between the Philippines and the United States.

The Rock Island has secured entrance into St. Louis by the purchase of the Kansas City and Colorado and the Wiggins Ferry. The Kansas City and Colorado is built from St. Louis to Belle, Mo., and projected to Kansas City.

A serious battle took place May 1 between American troops and insurgents on the Island of Mindanao, P. I. About twenty Americans were wounded before the insurgents were put to flight.

Alan-a-Dale captured the twenty-eighth Kentucky derby.

Hon. H. Clay Evans has been appointed consul general at London.

Disbursing Clerk Burrows, of the census bureau, is short in his accounts \$7,400.

Frank Smith, a young while man, died from injuries received in a prize fight at Allentown, Pa.

J. S. Venable, a visitor from Texas, was killed by the falling of a flag pole during the Schley reception at Memphis.

United States marshals had a desperate battle with moonshiners in east Tennessee, in which one officer was fatally injured.

Members of the crew of the battleship Chicago arrested in Venice for engaging in a scrap with natives have been pardoned by the king.

Russell Sage, who celebrated his 85th birthday a few days ago, says he has not taken a vacation in fifteen years. He now works longer hours each day than any of his clerks.

In his testimony before the senate committee on the Philippines, Gen. MacArthur stated that Aguinaldo told him it was his opinion the Filipinos are not yet capable of self government.

The betrayal of the plans of existing Russian fortresses on the German and Austrian frontiers has cost the Russian government 4,200,000 rubles, or about \$3,150,000. The government has decided to rebuild the fortifications at once. Col. Grimm, the man who betrayed his country's military secrets, was recently tried and convicted. He acted the part of a traitor for many years, according to disclosures made during the trial in Warsaw, and many arrests have been made as a result of these disclosures.

The first regular contract ever made in the world to pick cotton by machinery was closed in Greenville, Miss., a few days since, and the first experiment with the machine will be made next fall. A Pittsburg man named Thomas R. Morris is the inventor of the device, and for the past ten years he has been conducting experiments.

The department of agriculture is preparing to fight the ravages of the San Jose scale throughout the country with its natural enemy, the ladybug, brought from the interior of China. Assistant Botanist Marlatt has just returned from the Orient, where he sought the original home of the dreaded scale. Far in the interior of the latter country, where European plants had not penetrated, he found the scale and also the ladybugs, which kept the scale in subjection and permitted the native plants to flourish.

In order to prevent a recurrence of the boxer outrages of 1900 the powers will insist upon severe punishment of the men engaged in the revolt which has broken out in the southern portion of the province of Chi-Li. The rebellion in Southern China and the outbreak in Chi-Li show that the whole of the empire is in a state of ferment, and diplomats in Washington who are well informed regarding conditions in the far east say they would not be surprised should the situation become far more serious.

An unsuccessful attempt was made to hold up a Frisco passenger train between Seligman and Washburn, Mo., by two men. The robbers boarded the train at Seligman, and just after the train pulled out climbed over the tender into the cab and covered the engineer and fireman with revolvers. They ordered the engineer to increase speed, but to stop when they gave the signal. Two miles beyond Seligman they ordered him to stop. Seven or eight men appeared at the spot designated as the train approached. Meanwhile the engineer had pulled his throttle wide open and when ordered to stop was making more than a mile a minute down grade. It was impossible to stop within half a mile. After leaving the confederates out of sight the robbers abused the engineer for not stopping and alighted from the engine when it reached Washburn.

A new railway system, embracing the Chicago, Indianapolis and Louisville and Nashville will, it is said, soon be in operation between Chicago and New Orleans.

Chinese rebels recently entered the city of Ching Chang Fui and killed over 1,000 persons, whose bodies were left lying unburied in the streets. At another point a Catholic priest was beheaded and afterwards the head was placed on a pole and paraded through the town.

Cotton is now worth nearly \$5 a bale more than on June 1.

Sol Smith Russell, the actor, is dead. He was born in 1848, and had followed the calling of an actor since 1862.

Ex-Councilman Kratz, under indictment at St. Louis for bribery, and who forfeited a \$20,000 bond, has been located in Mexico.

G. H. Goodnow, general manager of the Rock Island, announces the appointment of Hiram S. Cable to be superintendent of the lines west of the Missouri river. The changes to follow this appointment, it is said, are to be far reaching. Mr. Cable is a son of R. R. Cable, chairman of the board of directors of the Rock Island.

Col. J. P. Morgan is said to have received the following fees for promoting combines: United States Steel corporation, \$100,000,000; Metropolitan Securities Company, \$30,000,000; American Bridge Company, \$15,000,000; ship combine, \$12,500,000; Northern Securities Company, \$15,000,000; total, \$172,500,000.

Following the precedent set in the case of Gen. Smith, the president has ordered the trial by court-martial of Maj. Edwin F. Glenn, Fifth infantry, one of the officers referred to as a participant in the administration of the "water cure" in the testimony developed before the senate Philippine committee recently.

A terrible storm swept over the town of Glen Rose, Tex., demolishing buildings in which eight persons were killed outright and several fatally injured. The tornado literally devastated farm property and crops for a distance of five miles north of Glen Rose and several miles south, and more than 100 families were rendered homeless.

Dr. J. W. Taylor, grand high priest of the grand chapter of the Masonic order in the United States, has granted a dispensation for a Masonic lodge in San Juan, P. R., and will soon grant another for a lodge in Manila. These will be the first lodges to be instituted in the new insular possessions. Dr. Taylor has also called the meeting of the next grand chapter at Little Rock, in 1903.

Rioting by peasants are of daily occurrence in Russia, and in several instances troops of the czar have refused to fire on mobs with loaded shells. Government ministers are being threatened with assassination and a strict guard is being maintained in all government buildings. So serious is the agitation at Moscow that the czar has abandoned his intention of spending the Russian Easter there.

The officials of the war department fear that the recent outbreak of cholera in the Philippines will continue for several weeks, owing to the climatic conditions at this time. There is some alarm that it has spread to the soldiers, and every effort is to be made to keep it from becoming epidemic among the troops. Gen. Chaffee has issued special instructions to the army for the prevention of the disease, cautioning officers and men against drinking unboiled water and eating fruits and vegetables without being cooked.

Col. Fowler Appointed.

Col. A. S. Fowler has been appointed marshal of the Eastern district to succeed Col. Henry M. Cooper. Col. Fowler was the unanimous choice of the republican state central committee, and in addition to this endorsement he was recommended by a large number of business and professional men, irrespective of politics.

Two Rewards.

Acting Governor Huddleston has offered the following rewards: \$100 for the arrest of Tom Yarbrough, who shot and killed W. L. Taylor in St. Francis county, April 24, 1902; \$100 for the arrest and conviction of one McAdams, who waylaid and shot Alex Dunavant in Craighead county April 19, 1902.

The following appointments have been confirmed by the senate: Receivers of Land Offices—J. E. Bush of Little Rock, C. M. Greene, Harrison; J. G. Chitwood, Dardanelle; E. A. Schicker, Camden. Registers of Land Offices—J. I. Worthington, Harrison; J. H. Battenfield, Dardanelle.

A switchman named John Brady was fatally injured while making a coupling at Little Rock.